

The Miller's Wedding.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport
and to play ;

Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay ;
No day thro' the year shall more chearful be seen,
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me ;
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we ?

Let Lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be marry'd to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd ;
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound ;
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground
I love Sue, &c.

Let Ladies of Fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed ;
Such signing and sealing's no part of our blifs ;
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.
I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaus ;
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine cloaths ;
In nothing he borrows from folks of high life,
Nor e'er turns his back on his friend, or his wife.
I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill ;
While thou art thus kind, & thy tongue but lie still ;
Our joys shall continue, and ever be new ;
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.
I love Sue, &c.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.